



**The Care of Finger Nails.**

FIVE minutes a day devoted to the nails and the stubblest and most weather-beaten finger tips will yield, and in less than a week's time be at least presentable. In three weeks they will be noticeably beautiful. It is amazing to the students of the bona-fide "manicure art" to witness the barbarities practised in its name. About ten years ago while in Europe I resolved that, inasmuch as the first manicure was the world ever heard of was a Frenchman, and his science was still expounded by his descendants in Paris, I would look into the matter while there.

I could not recollect ever having seen a Frenchwoman with nails like those fashionable in America, pink from an artificial stain, polished to a brilliancy rivaling a bevel-edged looking glass and pointed with the sharpness of elongated claws. Do you happen to recollect those hideous nails? I am thankful to be able to speak of them in the past tense.

I resolved to take a course of instruction, if I could obtain it, from Mme. Stitts, the grandniece of the original manicure to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, H. I. M. the Empress of Russia, etc., so I invaded the old lady's sanctum one Spring morning, and after pledging my word that I was not intending to establish a rival nail cure in Paris, I was accepted as a pupil, the first American to receive instruction from her.

A pair of clippers, a velvet nail file, a bit of chamois skin, a generous quarter of a lemon, a tiny box each of rose-colored paste and nail powder, an orange-wood stick, et voila tout! The clippers are used in place of scissors—they may be called THE safety scissors—they are curved just the proper form for TOOLS, the nail and cannot slip or cut crooked.

The sight of a cuticle knife almost threw Mme. Stitts into spasms. She explained to me that the surface of the nail was more delicate than the enamel of the teeth—it was monstrous to scratch it with a steel instrument; as for cutting the selvedge around the inside of the nail, the old lady exclaimed in the shrillest French that she would certainly cut the borders to my eyelids and the edges of my ears also the day she interfered with nature's protection about the nails; one was just as sensible as the other, she remarked, and she wouldn't teach me; would have nothing further to do with me unless I threw away my polisher, cuticle knife, steel nail cleaner and bottle of acid. I meekly yielded. She grew sarcastic over my file, which she said was heavy enough for a burglar to file keys with, the liquid enamel, which would ruin the chances of a grisette in the Latin Quarter if she were vulgar enough to use it, and she tore my little scissors out of their velvet nest only to brandish them about in sarcastic fury.

I did really hate to give up the polisher, but I have long ago discovered that the bit of chamois skin is far more satisfactory, and it is impossible to bruise the fingers with the latter.

To keep the nails pink, transparent and pretty, the hands must, of course, receive great care. The nails should be kept scrupulously clean; the orange-wood stick, properly pointed, will effect THE this and will not scratch the inside of the nail as the steel instrument must. The result is that, as the under surface is not roughened by scratching, it will not attract dust. The selvedge or border around the outside of the nail should be pressed gently back each day after washing the hands in warm water. The clippers, which are quite different from the curved scissors, will keep the nails symmetrical and just a pretty narrow oval in form. The lemon will remove all stains and will not thicken the nail, as acids invariably do.

Rose paste should be used in the most miserly manner—the tiniest little bit applied to the nail merely to aid the polishing process—then the nail powder, with a brisk little rub back and forth with the chamois skin.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

### Landscape Tables:

A new and curious table decoration is called the landscape style. Conceive a central lake—that is to say, a gleaming mirror. Around this is a fence made of sections of white porcelain. The pillars are separate. The mirror in the centre is edged with

fern to simulate a bank and little fountains of fern are set up inside the pillars and around the gate posts. The swans on the lake as well as all the little vases are filled with odoriferous violets and their leaves, while two bisque figures exchange greetings at the gate. Baskets of white azaleas are placed on the corners of the table. All the shades are toned with violet.

### MILLIONS DID NOT SAVE.

Dr. Arthur Duestrow Found Guilty of Murder for Killing His Wife and Young Child.

Union, Mo., Feb. 2.—The millionaire wife and child murderer, Arthur Duestrow, M. D., was found guilty of murder in the first degree, in the Circuit Court here, this morning.

The tragedy was enacted two years ago, and the defence has been one of the most noted in the criminal annals of the State. First and last Duestrow has paid ex-Governor Johnson, his senior counsel, \$100,000, and had five other high-priced attorneys besides. The case was tried here on a change of venue. In spite of the immense sums spent by the defendant, his fortune has not shrunk during his two years' residence in jail. It has been impossible for him to use the interest on it. The murder was committed, it is said, at the instigation of Duestrow's mistress, who wished to see him rid of any domestic responsibilities.

The doctor went home February 13, 1894, after a three days' debauch, and, provoking a quarrel with his wife, shot her through the body. He then seized his four-year-old son and blew the little fellow's brains out while he held him at arm's length. He had been heard to say he had money enough to get him out of any difficulty. The jury retired last night, and were instructed to report to the Court this morning. But one ballot was taken.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 2.—The feeling with which the Duestrow verdict was received here may be illustrated by a single incident. A West End parson heard the news from a private source just before entering the pulpit. Strangely enough he had selected the text "Vengeance is Mine," and he began his discourse by announcing the news. For the first time in the history of the church, perhaps, there was some applause, and many women, especially, shouted "Good!"

The bulk of the St. Louis population heard the news as they were leaving morning service, extras being sold all over town. Groups congregated on the corners and discussed it, all expressing their joy at the verdict. Duestrow has not, outside of his counsel, a friend in the world. His mother has died since the tragedy, and his only sister, Miss Euland Duestrow, who was a great favorite with the murdered woman, will not even see her disgraced brother. The murderer will be brought back here for safe keeping till the time of execution.

### THEY TOOK VOWS FOR LIFE.

Misses Lambdin and McKee Join the Sisterhood of St. John.

Sisters Agnes Marie and Frances Mande, known in private life as Miss Agnes M. Lambdin and Miss Frances McKee, respectively, have taken the final vows to become brides of the Sisterhood of St. John the Baptist, one of the highest Anglican orders of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America.

The former is the daughter of the late James R. Lambdin, the noted portrait painter of Philadelphia.

The service, which consisted of the profession of the two novices of poverty and obedience for life, was performed Saturday by the Right Rev. Bishop Seymour, of Springfield, Ill., in the chapel of St. John the Baptist, No. 233 East Seventeenth street. At its conclusion a high mass was sung by the Sisters of the order. Among those present were Dr. Alfred C. Lambdin and wife, the members of Miss McKee's family, John M. Lambdin and a large number of associated Sisters of the order.

### HIS FALL RESULTED IN DEATH.

Robert Turner, Whose Nephew is Charged with Pushing Him Down Stairs, Expires.

Coroner Mason, of Williamsburg, was notified last night that Robert Turner, seventy-one years old, who, it is alleged, was thrown down a flight of stairs at his home, No. 41 Taylor street, two weeks ago by his nephew, Alfred Brady, during a quarrel, had died during the day.

Turner received internal injuries by the fall, Brady, who has been arrested, denied the assault, and said that the old man had fallen accidentally. The prisoner lives at No. 122 Schaeffer street. The trouble between the two men grew out of Brady's belief that his uncle had had a wife, from whom he had been separated, secreted in his apartments.

### HE KICKED OVER THE STOVE.

Scanlon's Wife Beat Him and Both Were Sent to Jail for Sixty Days.

John Scanlon and his wife had a mixed ale party at their dwelling, in Newark, Saturday night. After their guests had gone Scanlon and his wife quarreled. She cut his head with a stove lid and he threw the lamp at her and kicked over the stove. She began to beat him with a poker. His yells aroused the neighbors and caused two policemen to come. It was 2 a. m. Sunday, and the policemen arrested both the combatants.

Judge Mott, in the First Criminal Court, Newark, sent them to jail for sixty days each.

Rev. Charles H. Eaton III.

Rev. Charles H. Eaton did not preach yesterday at the Church of the Divine Paternity, of which he is pastor. Dr. Eaton contracted a heavy cold and was unable to leave his house. He is suffering from a sore throat, but expects to be all right in a short time.

## This Lady Is Not Intoxicated.

She Has Only Suffered the Usual Fate of Ladies Who Wear Good Clothes in Broadway Cable Cars.



"A sweater and a pair of tights is the only possible costume for a cable car." Speech of a woman disentangling herself on the platform before Abbey's Theatre Saturday evening.

### Fashions in Muffs:

The effort to introduce large muffs has been a failure. The accessory of the costume is more frivolous. There is no use.

glistening centre, or a huge velvet bow clasped in the middle by a head of mink or sable. A knot of violets is tucked away in a corner among chic ribbon bows, or ostrich feathers rears its head. These muffs are scented with iris and violet and are constructed to admit a web of handkerchief and the tips of the fingers.



swift and decisive. The muff always follows the fortunes of the bonnet. The bonnet is a scrap of lace, a flower and a ribbon. The muff is scarcely more. No seasonal motif of fur. Most generally it is a pouffe of silk with slate like ribbons and falls of lace. Or perhaps it is a flamingo rosette of ribbon, with a

### What They Say of Us:

The friendship of two women is always a coalition against a third.

From women who hate no faith or fear to be too faithful, God deliver us.

Caprices of women are the result of a perversion caused by man.

One loves only beautiful women; one adores the ugly ones when one loves them.

I have no faith in the friendship between men and women. The law that rules humanity is false. We have no perfections.

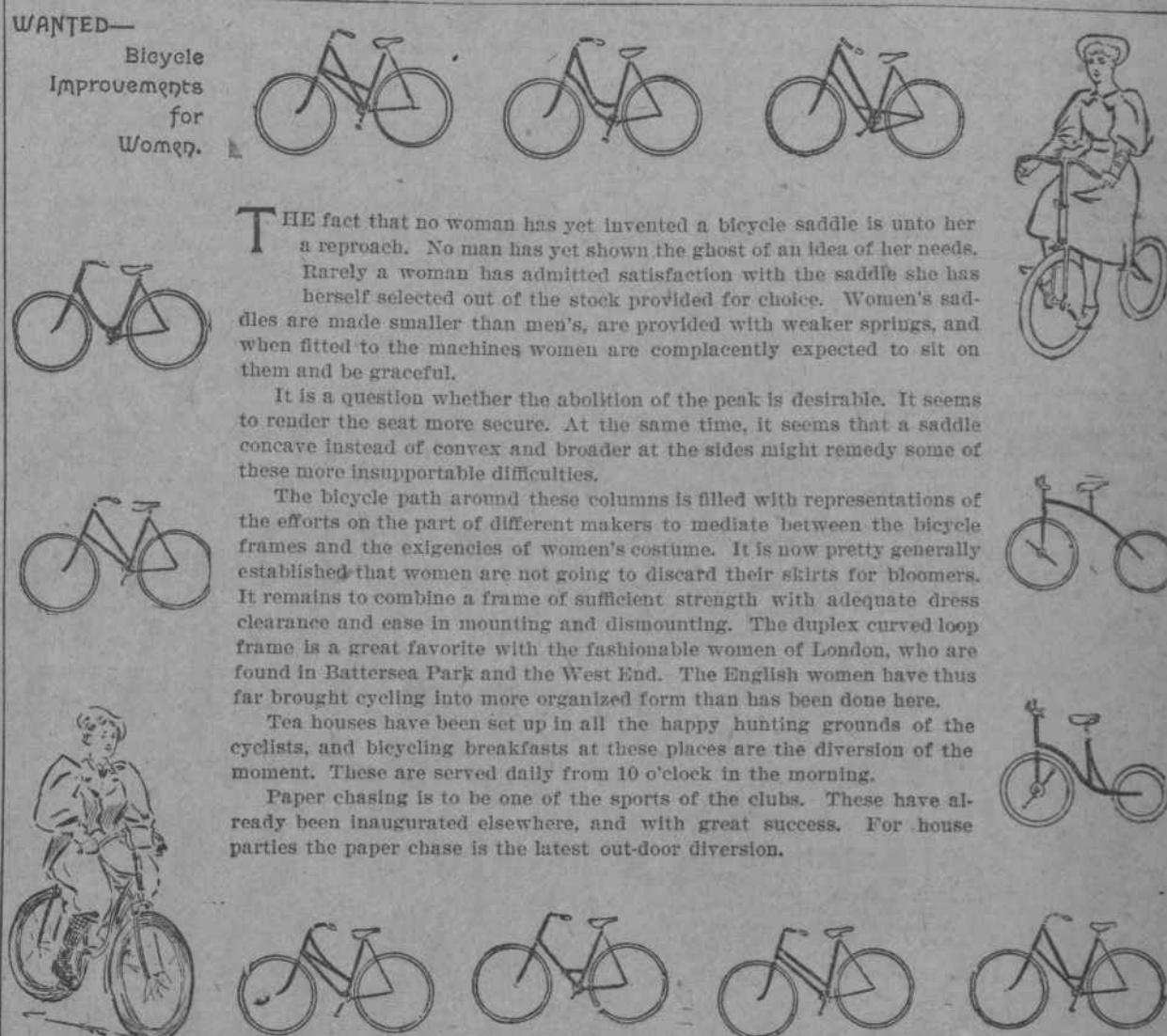
In giving a name to a child one must think of the woman who shall have some day to pronounce it.

If they knew at times how one avoids them because one loves them.

What speech of a man may act like the silence of a woman?

The most reasonable women have hours wherein to be unreasonable.

**WANTED—**  
Bicycle Improvements for Women.



**How to Cook Lambs' Tongues.**  
Lambs' tongues are larger than the tongues of nightingales, but they approach the refinement of the ancient dish. The tongues to be perfect must be under a year old. At that age or less they can be purchased for 50 cents a dozen. Wash carefully, then parboil until tender, and strip off the skin while hot. For the sauce allow half a pint to each three and make as follows: Stir one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan until smooth, but not colored. Add one-half pint of cold milk, and stir until it boils. Season with salt and white pepper. Pour over the hot tongues, garnish with parsley and serve.

### A Potato Race "At Home":

The words "at home" nowadays cover almost every sort of entertainment. An at home may be only a big afternoon tea, or it may expand to the dignity of a reception. Professional services are usually required for the amusement of the guests. This is so varied that at one hospital

### A Banker's Daughter's Woe: Should Harrison Marry?

Even the daughters of millionaires have their troubles. A young girl in Minneapolis has an allowance of \$3,000. Notwithstanding her scrupling and economies, she finds it impossible to make both ends meet. Finally her dressmaker began to press her for money. At length the young woman applied to her father to relieve her of her embarrassment. The father, who had become a millionaire from understanding business, refused to loan his daughter money on a wardrobe which was her only asset. He advised her to come to an understanding with her dressmaker by agreeing to pay her in instalments out of her allowance, and not get any more clothes until the debt was paid. This the girl declined to do, and her father washed his hands of the affair. She, however, applied to different relatives and friends, and a benefit has been arranged for the unfortunate girl—namely, musicals, readers, tickets \$2—the proceeds to be devoted toward liquidating her debts.

Editor Journal: When the husband dies the wife is, in a sense, orphaned. She is left handlessly endowed and with control of the purse-strings which, in all probability, she has never held before. I know of one such widow, who was like a girl let loose from school when her husband died. I do not mean as to her behavior, but her delight in spending money. Her first act was to set down and send off checks to schools in Texas, poor preachers in Arizona, benighted heathens and exiled missionaries. There was no reason why she should marry again. With a man it is different. He must have his home life supplied, and that only a wife can do. So don't be too hard on us, and give Mr. Harrison a second chance. It is the highest compliment he can pay the woman who boarded him before.

Editor Journal: Nearly every woman feels that it is an undignified act for General Harrison to marry again, and we should respect him a great deal more if he had lived out his life faithful to the memory of the lady who was by his side in the White House, and I cannot see that it is any more unreasonable for women to hold this view than for men to feel that an ex-President ought not to go into business.

S. MENARD.  
No. 11 West Sixty-fifth street.

### WAS RICH IN HER POVERTY.

With a Bagful of Gold the Old Woman Starved Child and Horses.

San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 2.—Hannah McNally, a weakened, little woman, clothed in rags, and living in a wretched hovel, was arrested by officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and Animals yesterday, charged with starving her three-year-old child and two horses. Yet she had \$4,740 in bright yellow gold pieces on her person.

When the officers told her that they were going to arrest her, Mrs. McNally uttered a shriek and cried: "Is it a crime to be poor?" Before stepping into the police wagon she asked to be allowed to go into the back yard and see her horses. The officers saw her rummage around among some old lumber there, but thought nothing of her action. It was not until the station was reached that her object in visiting the yard was discovered. As she walked up to the sergeant's desk she rested a coarse sack on the floor. One of the officers kicked it. It was heavy. Then he lifted it up on the desk, and when the string which tied it was cut out rolled 227 twenty-dollar gold pieces. The bag was wet and mouldy, but the gold was as bright and shiny as the day it came from the mint.

The woman has a ranch in Fresno County and another in San Benito, besides a piece of property in this city, where she was arrested.

### Ticket Punchers Meet and Dine.

Middletown, N. Y., Feb. 2.—Millard Dietson No. 104, Order of Railway Conductors, held a session here to-day, which was attended by representatives from twelve divisions in this State, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut. A banquet was served at the Oriental Hotel, 110 plates being laid.

### SPARK PICTURES NOT NEW.

A Tufts College Physicist Discovered the Process Some Years Ago.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 2.—Professor A. E. Dolbear, the noted physicist of Tufts College, speaking in regard to the recently published experiments in photography through solids, said that as early as May, 1892, he had performed many photographic experiments by the aid of the same agent as used by the German professor, and obtained results quite as remarkable. He went still further, and succeeded in photographing through wood an inch in thickness by the ether waves set up by the simple sparking of a static electrical machine. The method was as follows:

A static machine, whose spark represented somewhere in the neighborhood of 1,000,000,000 vibrations a second, was placed on top of an operating table. A five-pointed star of iron, measuring two inches from tip to tip, and one-eighth of an inch in thickness, was placed in the middle of a piece of ordinary sensitized paper, which, before being exposed, was of a pinkish white, and in those relative positions by the ether waves set up by the table and the drawer closed. The room was then rendered perfectly dark, and the electrical machine, being placed so that the rays from the sparks would bear on the iron star beneath, was set to sparking and held a short distance from the table for three minutes.

Examining the sensitive paper it was seen to have grown dark by exposure to the rays electrically set up by the machine, and to bear a dim outline of the star. It was developed in the ordinary way, and details of the iron object were distinctly brought out. The "intensity" of the negative in such experiments varies ordinarily with the time of the exposure.

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A variety of Wood and Bone Handle Knives and Forks, per set of six, \$2.99

bolstered, per sets of six knives and forks, \$6.99

### Harness Department.

From Burlington Blanket Co., Burlington, Wis.

Genuine Burlington Sags on Stable Blankets, saved up of surplus.

150 Burlap outside, heavy wool lining, 1.65.

125 Duck outside, heavy wool lining, 1.85.

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